Volume LVIII CHICAGO, JANUARY 31, 1907 Number 22

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE International Peace Conference held in Boston in 1904 was opened by a huge meeting in which men of influence and modern thought from four continents, gave reasons for their belief in the passing of war. But none was so modern, so fundamental and so trenchant, as the address which was read from the prophet Isaiah. He founded the cause of peace upon the cause of righteousness, not only as expressed in political relations, but also in industrial relations. He contended that peace could be secured only as men abstained from the gains of oppression and responded to the cause of the poor; that swords would finally be beaten into plowshares and pruning-hooks, not because men resolved to be peaceful, but because all the metal of the earth would be turned to its proper use when the poor and their children should be abundantly fed. It was as if the ancient prophet foresaw that under an enlightened industrialism peace would no longer be an absence of war, but the unfolding of worldwide processes making for the nurture of human life. He predicted the moment which has come to us now that peace is no longer an abstract dogma but has become a rising tide of moral enthusiasm slowly engulfing all pride of conquest and making war impossible.

—From "Newer Ideals of Peace," by Jane Addams.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 423
The Reactionary Exposition 425
The Literature of Peace—Jane Addams' New Book .. 426
What I Live For—*Dr. and Mrs. George Linneus Banks* 426
White Rose—Donald Fuller 426
A National Remedy Against Child Labor—William M. Salter 427
When I May Work No More—PERRY MARSHALL 428

THE PULPIT—
The Universal Religious Spirit—Rev. E. A. King 428
Millennium Talk and Practical Peace Work—Lucia Ames Mead 431

CORRESPONDENCE 432
THE WATCH TOWER—W. B. T. 433
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 434
When Carlo Went with Me—*E. A. Coil* 434
Letters to Children 434
Jean Francois Millet—*Stories of Great Artists* by *Katherine Lois Scoby and Olive Brown Home* 434
THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 435
Religion in Business 436

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VOLUME LVIII THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1907 NUMBER 22

ERNEST CROSBY

NOVEMBER 4, 1856—JANUARY 3, 1907.

Ennobled by the sword of Death
He lieth there, the king of all,
Who walked with us but yesterday
And answered to our call.

And by the royal attributes
That now are his since he is dead,
His is the right of high command
Where erstwhile he had plead.

This is the message, clear and fine,
That lies behind that quiet face,—
A message filled with love and power
And fraught with kingly grace:—

"Act nobly; let the longed-for prize
That lieth on the mountain's crest
Be thine not by the back-cast stone
That ends a brother's quest."

"Do justly; judge thy fellow man
By that old precept, ever true,
That bid'st thee seek in him the things
Thou'dst have him find in you."

"Live purely; make the path of life
One leading to the feet of God,—
The byeways reaching to it lanes
The pure in heart have trod."

"Be loving; speak the tender word
That makes the whole dear world a-kin;
Fling open wide the soul's great doors
That love may enter in."

Ennobled by the sword of God
He lieth there, the king of all,
And we, his subjects left behind,
Must answer to his call!

—ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

Last Sunday Stephen D. Wise began his Free Synagogue services in New York City, a movement of as much significance to the Christian as to the Jewish worshipers in any land. The following are the topics for the first six Sundays of the venture:

What is a Free Synagogue?

Shall the Pulpit Be Free? The Service of the Preacher to His Age.

Is Judaism a Religion of Authority or a Religion of the Spirit?

What is the Religion of Israel? The Answer of the Hebrew Prophets.

Is the Moral Supremacy of Church and Synagogue Endangered?

Synagogue and Church: What Are the Possibilities of Co-Operation?

A correspondent writes, "I have just been reading the Ten Years' War," 1855-65, by Denton J. Snyder. It is not a large book, but packed full of information from a psychological standpoint, especially the period of '55-'61. It should be read to get a view of the true historical spirit and the evolution of the world-spirit. It is vastly educative to the thoughtful. Mr. Snyder gives one of the finest appreciations of Lincoln's special greatness I have seen. February is a good month to stock up and to read up on Lincoln. Let no one miss Ida M. Tarbell's "He Knew Lincoln" or Peter Dunne's (Dooley) "A Talk With Lincoln," in the February number of the *American Magazine*.

A correspondent is distressed over a "lack of evidence that President Lincoln had any personal familiarity with the writings of Robert Burns" and asks UNITY to institute an investigation in this direction. It would seem incredible that the great American Commoner should have missed the inspiration of the great Scotch poet of the people. Lincoln was not given to quotations; his knowledge of the Bible even is more often inferred than proven. But with our correspondent we shall be glad to find direct evidence that the solitary soul of Abraham Lincoln had found comfort in the "songs that gushed from the heart" of the Scotch plowman.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is well along in her eighty-eighth year. It was a benign thought that gave to Thomas Wentworth Higginson the pleasing task of writing a sketch of her life for the *Outlook* of January 26, and how benignly he did it! The sketch and the life are worthy the benignant face that graces the cover and illustrates the article. Among the many four-line tributes that were brought to her on her eighty-sixth birthday, May 27, 1905, after the fashion of a Welsh Eisteddfod, reported by Mr. Higginson, we make room only for Vida D. Scudder's "The 'Nonna' of Magna Italia":

"Within the glow shed by her heart of gold,
Warm Southern sunshine cheers our Northern skies,
And pilgrim wanderers, homesick and a-cold,
Find their loved Italy in her welcoming eyes."

The *Boston Advertiser* announces that Rev. Earl C. Davis, pastor of the Unity Church (Unitarian) at Pittsfield Mass., "to avoid having the women of his church put to the trouble of holding sociables and fairs to assist in raising his salary, has gone to work. He will continue to receive his fifteen dollars a week from the church and retain the office of pastor. Mr. Davis is a graduate of Bowdoin College and of the Harvard Divinity School." This may not be as much of a hardship as it seems. Regular hours at a congenial handicraft may leave the mind more leisure and equanimity for his study at sermon tasks than the irregular demands and continuous anxieties implied in the present routine of a money-raising pastor. From time immemorial the Unitarian ministers of Wales have earned more of their "daily bread" in the

school room than in the pulpit, and theirs has been a ministry confessedly scholarly, thoughtful and thorough. If all ministers were released from the exacting demands and carking cares of things not worth doing they would have more time and strength left to do something worth while.

The flat failure of this congress to pass any relief measures in the way of tariff reduction to the inhabitants of our national "*possessions,*" the yellow people of the Philippines, and the frank admission of the mercenary motive that blocked the wheels, puts President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft and the friends who trusted their assertion of friendship and believed the oft-repeated statement that "We sought and hold the islands for their good, not for our profit," in an uncomfortable situation. Perhaps this unblushing greed and selfishness is fortunate for the Philippines; it may hasten the time when the United States will say to them, "Having failed in our benign purposes we will not be party to a malign control," and after having "Neutralized" them by diplomatic skill, that is, put them alongside of Skandinavia, Switzerland and Holland in the list of countries that by mutual consent are safe from outside invasion, give them their liberty. Let them profit by such failures and successes at self-government as alone mark the progress of any people. The suggestion that the United States transfer its claim to Japan is an ameliorating one but still bad. It would be assuming the right to sell a people without their consent and would be perpetuating the fallacy that we had a right to buy from Spain, who had no right to sell. The fundamental contention holds: No power has a right to govern without the consent of the governed.

Our venerable and loyal correspondent and reader, Isaac H. Julian, of San Marcos, Tex., corrects our recent correction concerning the authorship of "I Live for Those Who Love Me." He admits that UNITY is right in relieving Lord Houghton once more of responsibility of the poem, but the initials of the real author were wrong. It should be Dr. & Mrs. George Linnaeus Banks, not "J." Linnaeus Banks. Our correspondent also informs us that the name of neither of these writers appears in Chambers' Encyclopedia of English Literature nor in Mackay's "Thousand and One Gems of English Poetry," but that it is found in the Appendix to Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" [Edition of 1894.—Ed.], where there is appended a list of Mrs. Banks' writings and their dates, but that Dr. George is "properly left out in this connection." Mrs. Banks was born in 1821 and her first volume of verse was published in 1844 under the title of "Ivy Leaves." Our correspondent wisely adds, "The poem in question is not a great one, but it is a good one, bearing intrinsic evidence that it was inspired by a noble-spirited woman. As such it deserves to be circulated in the form in which she gave it." UNITY pleads guilty to the charge of printing it from a corrupted text. We reprint it once more in another column as found in "The World's Best Poetry," Vol. IV, which may perhaps be considered authoritative; at least here will be noticed many variations from the curent newspaper and song-book versions. It is also noteworthy that here it is accredited only to the husband, while it is known that the joint authorship was insisted upon by those who knew.

The battle against the dramshop, a place for alcoholic conviviality, was never so widely and intelligently waged as at the present hour. Already, in the early days of the session, the forces are being lined up in the Illinois legislature on the local option struggle. In the city of Chicago new areas are demanding of the city council to be put on the "dry" list. And this battle is being waged not primarily by "temperance agitators," but by sober business men who are beginning to see the waste and the wickedness of this method of drinking and are surprised and delighted to find how well "dry" communities are getting along; how year by year any return to the old saloon system is becoming more and more hopeless in their districts. Business men are beginning to realize more and more that the present saloon contention is not primarily a battle with the victims of inflamed appetites who need and demand their grog, but with the subtle, clear-headed, far-reaching, skillfully capitalized brewing and distilling interests, whose campaign is directed by the most astute lawyers and whose "Literary Bureaus" are busy in directing their campaigns through the secular press. While these civic battles are pending the military forces are being lined up for another charge over the lost territory, hoping to recapture the canteen, the soldier's tippling ground. It is reported that no less than five bills for the restoration of the canteen are now in congressional committee, and "information" is being skillfully dealt out to the papers of the country that "all the army officers are in favor of the restoration in the interest of temperance;" that "there is an increase of 'drunkenness,' desertion," etc., since the closing of the canteen,—in the face of the fact that Generals Miles, Shafter, Wheeler, Daggett, Wilcox and others, Surgeon-General Sternberg, Colonels Durbin, Gunder and others, are active and consistent opponents of the canteen, and the further fact that while in 1900, when the canteen flourished, there were 1,645 court martials for drunkenness in the army, in 1906, with the canteen closed, there were only 504 such court martials. The present struggle for legislation against tippling places in civic and military circles is not a movement against alcoholic stimulants *per se*. If individuals think they need it, they may still be permitted to obtain it under the same conditions and restrictions as they procure other drugs, medicines or food, knowing as they do and as the state must recognize, that they are dealing with dangerous stuff. But it is a movement against the debauching places where the

stuff is retailed in such a way as to increase its danger a hundredfold to individuals and to society and to multiply the profits of the manufacturer a thousandfold. The battle now is not essentially a battle of reformers vs. drunkards, but a battle of economists vs. a vast commercial combine. The millions of dollars invested in the business are on the defensive. It is the millionaire manufacturers vs. the thrifty mechanic and law-abiding home-makers.

There is something pathetic and still beautiful in the quiet way in which earth's noblest are allowed to pass out of the strain and stress of life into the calm persistency and continued potency of death. Such is the passing of Ernest Crosby, whose death has caused scarcely a ripple in current journalism. If it had come when he held judicial position in Egypt, or even while as a young man he was a successful barrister in New York, winning as a lawyer publicity and popularity that seemed fitting the son of a great preacher, the papers would have been full of encomiums, portraits and headlines. But because he taken upon himself the higher ministration of love and brotherhood, because he was a knight errant of reform, a champion of prophetic and on that account unpopular movements, he has been allowed to go quietly to his grave. But though for the present his death seems to be unheralded and unsung, he has made for himself a permanent and a growing place in the better life of the nation. We are glad to accept as our own this "flower" which Rev. J. T. Sunderland "laid upon the new-made grave" of Ernest Crosby:

How ill the world could spare him. How glad I am, if he had to go, that he was spared to write the life of Samuel M. Jones, "Golden Rule Jones," as he is often called, mayor of Toledo, Ohio, that strange but lovable man, who appeared suddenly in American business and American politics, and actually proposed to do things on the principle of the Golden Rule; and to the amazement of everybody actually did carry on a large business for years, and actually did conduct the government of a large city, year after year, on the principle of the Golden Rule, and with success, with a success that everybody, even his fiercest opponents, was obliged to admit. I say I am glad that Ernest Crosby was spared to write the life of "Golden Rule Jones," of Toledo. Mr. Crosby's death is a loss. His father was the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, one of the most distinguished Presbyterian clergymen of this country. After receiving the highest university honors and studying law, the son entered political life in New York, where he had a successful, indeed a brilliant, career for a dozen years. Then he was appointed by President Harrison a judge of the international court in Alexandria, Egypt. After serving there for five years he resigned, came home and left political life to devote himself to the work of social and moral reform. For some years past he had given his whole time, with singular unselfishness and devotion, to writing, speaking and laboring in every way in his power, for the promotion of peace, temperance, civic purity and the elevation of the public life and public ideals of his city and country. Some have called him a dreamer and unpractical, because he thought that peace is better than war; that evil can only be overcome by good and not by more evil; that there should be honesty and honor in public life as well as in private; that international relations should be relations of reciprocity and justice; that the Golden Rule is practicable, in business and everywhere. Yes, he was a dreamer; he dreamed of better things for men, for society, for humanity; but he also did what he could to make his dreams come true, by courageous, unflinching and honest work. He was impracticable in the same way that Jesus was, that Socrates was, that Garrison was, that every one is who believes in God, and man, and love, and human brotherhood, and that life is more than meat.

The Reactionary Exposition

The significant protest of Carroll D. Wright, Cardinal Gibbons, Miss Jane Addams and others, referred to last week, seems as yet to fall upon dull ears. The daily papers have given it slight space as "news" and in the majority of cases no editorial comment. Aside from a lurking desire on the part of newspaper men, like others, to "see the show" and to have material out of which to make a lot of copy, there is here discovered the workings of that unwritten law of mistaken courtesy on the part of partisan papers which will not willingly expose to criticism and discussion anything done by "Our Party." The democrats will be slow to criticize the movement so allied to the enthusiasm of the "Solid South;" republicans must not "give away" the administration. Only here and there is there a paper, like the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, which will expose the methods by which "appropriations are secured," as this paper did in its editorial columns of the 24th inst., in which it was shown that the original appropriation of $175,000 for "military and naval display" meant, when attendant incidentals were added, a $500,000 appropriation was passed under suspension of the rules at the closing hours, March 3, 1905, and the logical sequel which followed, the appropriation of $1,500,000 made by the present congress had to be tacked as an amendment to the "Sundry Civil Bill in the senate" and thus find its way into a reluctant house.

The editorial further shows that the invitation to other governments "to participate in a great military show" came in such a way as in most cases compelled acceptation for "decency's sake," and that this show on the part of foreign nations required an appropriation of $200,000 from little Japan alone, a sum which under present circumstances the diminutive empire of the Pacific can ill afford. Meanwhile the appropriations, national and international, on scientific, humanitarian, artistic, educational and other lines must languish.

In view of this apathy of the newspapers it becomes more incumbent upon the churches, the ministers, the schools and the teachers to bestir themselves. "The Enticing Splendors of War" promised by the management may not be avoided, but the standpoint from which the American people will study the same and the influence of "the greatest military show known to modern times" upon the public sentiment can be immensely effected by a wise and high interpretation of the same. Let the pulpit of America make good use of this "show;" interpret it rightly to the youths of all nations. Let the costliness, and, still more, the silliness, of much of the fuss and feathers of war, even from the standpoint of warlike men and methods, be exploited; let the mask be exposed. The "red-coat" of the English army has cost that nation countless lives. The neutral tints of the "khaki" uniform is more scientific and economic, but it has taken away much of the "glory of war" in the eyes of unthinking boys and silly girls.

The women of the religious study classes of All

Souls Church, Chicago, formulated their protest in the following communication, which was extensively signed at the Abraham Lincoln Centre service last Sunday. We print it, hoping that many of the UNITY readers in their individual and social capacity will multiply the protest in their own words, sending the original to the "Directory of the Exposition" at Jamestown as indicated, but sending copies of the same to the President of the United States and the presiding officers of the senate and house of representatives and giving the same as wide publicity as possible. Such an agitation cannot fail to stir the thought-centers in countless brains:

"CHICAGO, January 22, 1907.

"*To the President and Board of Managers of the Jamestown Exposition.*

"GENTLEMEN: We, the undersigned, members of the study classes of Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, and their friends, do solemnly protest, as mothers, sisters, daughters and wives, against the reactionary and war-like program of the Jamestown Exposition, as given in the official organ of the Exposition.

"Upon women the burdens of war press with cruel weight, and it is to us painful in the extreme to see American youth subjected to the influences destructive of the ideals of peace and misled by the 'enticing splendors of war.' We believe that the noblest triumphs of our four hundred years of history have not been the events of war, but the progress of industry and the advancements of the arts of peace, and we earnestly petition you as officers of the Exposition to reduce the military display to the inconspicuous place it has heretofore occupied in American expositions."

The Literature of Peace. Jane Addams' New Book

Two publications have reached our study table this last week of great significance to the student of the peace movement.

The first was a pamphlet entitled "The Federation of the World," by Walter J. Bartnett, a member of the American Society of International Law, a San Francisco lawyer, in which he sets forth with an encouraging array of figures the mighty strides we are making in these days towards a federated world, the mad figures of military extravagance notwithstanding. He states that the standing armies and navies of the nations of Europe number 4,000,000. The disarmament of these nations would mean, according to his careful computation, an increment of two billion dollars a year to be applied on public improvements and personal comforts.

The second, the latest work on this subject, is Jane Addams' "Newer Ideals of Peace," just from the Macmillan press. This book, like everything else she does, displays a clear mind, a penetrating insight, fearless power of putting things. She sees the promise of peace in the growing industrial legislations, in the demand for the protection of children, and the larger place already acquired, and still the larger place to be acquired, by women in the councils of the nation.

By the time we reach her concluding chapter we are already persuaded, before we read it, that there is a passing of the war virtues, and that the soldier himself is honored, as John Ruskin so effectively argues, not because he is willing to kill, but because he is willing to die, when needs be, in the interest of the larger self.

Some of our readers may suspect that we are victims of an ideal; that we persist in dreaming impractical dreams, and fail to discriminate between the conditions of the millenium and the grewsome facts of today. Be that as it may, one cannot read Miss Addams' book without being drawn into the thick of the fight, without being ready to take off his coat and begin now to stand up and stand out, whenever and wherever he can, in the interest of these conditions, which alone bring wealth, or **give** to wealth any power to bless or to help yourself or others.

What I Live For

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit, too;
For all the ties that bind me,
For all the tasks assigned me,
And bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
And, wiser from conviction,
Fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—Dr. and Mrs. George Linneus Banks.

White Rose

Beautiful queen of the roses,
Angel with petal wings,
Holding the sceptre that governs
Over the souls of things.

Sweet rose of eleven petals,
White as the evening star;
One for Charity, one for Hope,
One Faith which sees afar;

For Patience, Courage, and Wisdom,
White as pearls of the sea;
Petals for Service and for Truth,
Light of eternity;

And there's Purity and Honor,
Unspotted of earthly vice;
Sweet rose of eleven petals,
One petal called Sacrifice.

DONALD FULLER.

A National Remedy Against Child Labor

A PRELUDE BEFORE THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE OF CHICAGO, IN STEINWAY HALL, SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

We have national holidays which signify great historical events, like the Fourth of July and the 22nd of February. There is a tendency also to have holidays which represent present causes. We have already a "Labor Day," and there is now a movement to have a "Children's Day" on this last Sunday in January. Today voices will be heard throughout the land protesting against the evils of child labor.

The workingman has a new significance in modern society, and the child is acquiring fresh sacredness in our eyes—we feel it our duty, society feels it as its duty, to guard and protect and educate the child. In many of our commonwealths we distinctly provide that children up to a certain age shall go to school and shall not work in factories, shops and mines. I have on several occasions spoken on Child Labor, and the sentiment of the platform is well known. But the question has now taken a new and interesting form. The difficulties of carrying the popular will against child labor into effect lie in the fact that if we do succeed in safeguarding the child in one part of the country, in other parts he may be totally neglected. Not only is this an evil in itself, but it reacts unfavorably on the part that has taken the advance step. For if the Southern states, for example, have no laws restricting child labor, while the Northern states have, the manufacturers in the South, being able to use this cheap form of labor, have an advantage over Northern manufacturers, who cannot. In other words, those who do the right thing—the humane thing—suffer, and those who do the thoughtless and wrong thing gain. This is just the reverse of what happens in a well-governed community, where well-doing thrives and only evil-doing is beset with difficulties. Now, the new proposition is to protect childhood throughout the entire country, to recognize that the employment of boys and girls under fourteen years of age in mines, factories or shops is a national evil, and to correct it by an act of the nation itself. A bill to this effect has been just introduced in Congress. A great step forward will be taken if the measure is carried and put into effect. Employers will then be on the same level north and south, east and west. No one will suffer because he has competitors who are unscrupulous. Competition will go on and those who can produce the best article at the lowest price will still command the market, but cheapness will not come from stunting and wasting children's lives. Up to fourteen at least every child (unless it be in the country, where labor on the farm is not the evil that labor in factories and mines is) will be in school rather than the workshop, and be getting the equipment and training necessary for his or her life-work. In time the general level of human life throughout the nation must be lifted accordingly.

The constitutionality of the new measure is likely to be questioned; it will be said that this is a field in which only the states have the right to legislate; it is a question for the lawyer rather than for me to decide. I can only indicate the reason of the law; the need for it. If the reason and need are real, then we may say the law ought to be, and if the constitution does not permit it, then the constitution should be changed. There are certain measures which in the nature of the case must be applied throughout the country, if they are to be just or even practicable; there are others that may be left to each locality to judge about for itself. An income tax, for instance, that only one state or a few states shall institute would tend to lead those upon whom it falls to move into other states where the tax did not exist; the law would be more or less of a farce unless it were general. On the other hand, schools may be left to local enterprise to provide, since self-interest is ordinarily a sufficient motive; the better the schools, the more people will come to that locality. These are only instances. There is a safe and proper field for local government; but wherever a law in itself just would place the locality that adopted it at a disadvantage compared with other localities, there the law ought not to be local at all, but a general, a national one.

The senator (Mr. Beveridge) who introduces the bill I have refered to finds authority for it in the power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce. He urges that Congress has the right under the constitution to prohibit the transportation in interstate commerce of the products of child labor. I hope his contention is sound; but the vital point is to see the necessity of national action on the subject, to have an intelligent public opinion aware of the reason for the proposed law. So many of our laws are passed with little knowledge on the part of the people. People interested, public-spirited men and women, push them through—and then we wonder that they are not enforced. But perhaps the average mass of the people know almost nothing of the issues involved, at least have no real convictions.

Now, though we cannot legislate and cannot determine points of law here, we can help form public opinion. I can throw out suggestions that you may possibly see the reasonableness of, and if any of you here today do see after what I have said (or may see when you think it over) that Illinois' laws on the subject of child labor are not enough, that Massachusetts' laws or those of any other single state are not enough, that to stop the evil and even work common justice the whole country must be under one law, I shall be satisfied. The cause of childhood is a great public cause; we all are interested in these little ones growing up among us; we are interested as a community, for they represent the coming community, and we should safeguard their bodies and their minds, so that the future may continue the past and be better.

When I May Work No More

My work is done, my usefulness is ended,
  My sun is nearing now yon western hills,
Its rays are with the darkness 'yond them blended,—
  Then gleams the twilight, and the dew distills.

When labor on me lay,—a heavy burden,
  I felt its weariness enough to bear,
But gladly bore it for the waiting guerdon—
  The rich reward of work well done was there.

But now no longer is there glad achievement,
  The evening star glows sweetly in the West,
But o'er my sky are robes of sad bereavement,
  The power to toil, departing, took life's best.

Some little acts may yet a while remain me,
  Some stars peer through the clouds in night's deep dark,
Ye sighing winds, will ye a while refrain ye?
  Ye moaning zephyrs, hush ye while I hark.

The skies have cleared, a thousand star-eyes glisten!
It is their song to which my lone ears listen!

PERRY MARSHALL.

New Salem, Mass.

THE PULPIT

The Universal Religious Spirit

A SERMON BY REV. E. A. KING, SANDUSKY, OHIO.

Professor William James, in his "The Varieties of Religious Experience," says: "Were one asked to characterize the life of religion in the broadest and most general terms possible, one might say that it consists of the belief that there is an unseen order, and that our supreme good lies in harmoniously adjusting ourselves thereto." "Religion consists of three elements," says Morris Jastrow, "the natural recognition of a Power or Powers beyond our control; the feeling of dependence upon this Power or Powers; and entering into relations with this Power or Powers." In another place in the same book, "The Study of Religion," he says, "These doctrines are set up as essential to religion by virtue of the general agreement of mankind, viz: (1) The existence of a God, (2) the duty to worship God, (3) virtue and piety as the chief elements in this worship, (4) repentance for sins and amendment of one's course, and (5) the belief in a future world where rewards and punishments are meted out."

There are many other definitions of religion, but they are not sufficiently different from these to make it necessary to record them. "The life of God in the soul of man" is, however, one that expresses a deep and illuminating truth.

The modern saying that "Men are incurably religious" is as true a statement as was ever uttered, and history bears out the facts. In one of the schools of Paris the following list of religions was studied during the second semester 1899-1900. It gives a most excellent view of the extent of the different religions of the world. The first group is that of non-civilized people. The second is, "Religions of the extreme Orient and of the American Indians." The third, Religions of India; the fourth, Religions of Egypt. Next come the Religions of Israel and of the Western Semites. Talmudic and Rabbinical Judaism, Islam and the religions of Arabia, Religions of Greece and Rome, Christian Literature, History of Dogmas, etc., are next on the list, and followed by a group study on "Assyro-Babylonian Religion." In one of the Museums of Paris there has been collected a large amount of archeological and historical material illustrating many of these religions. Today the study of Comparative Religions is a Science of no mean dimensions. The fact seems to be that every race and nation have had and now have a religion of some sort. James Freeman Clarke says, in his "Ten Great Religions," "One of the universal facts in the history of man is the custom of prayer and worship addressed to invisible powers."

While it is true that the religious spirit is universal it is also true that the religious beliefs and customs vary considerably even in the same country, and under the same intellectual system. The fact of the religious aspiration of man is not questioned. From the beginning of time men have looked upward to the sun, and stars, and to the mysterious forces of Nature. They have been moved by a sense of fear, and wonder, and mystery. They have been stimulated to worship and adoration. From the beginning men have expressed this spirit in the light of their best knowledge. One might say that the innate sense of religion poured itself out through the mental equipment of the worshiper. According to the light they have had they have worshiped and feared the invisible Powers. We may not be willing to adopt as our own confession the statements of that Brahman hymn which begins, "As the different streams having their different sources in different places all mingle their water in the sea, Oh, Lord, so the different paths which men take through different tendencies, various though they appear, crooked or straight, all lead to thee," but we may be perfectly willing to say with Canon Farrar that "God was their God as well ours, their Creator, their Preserver, who left not himself without witness among them; who, as they blindly felt after him, suffered their groping hands to grasp the hem of his robe; who sent them rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling their hearts with joy and gladness."

It should be noted that this paper does not attempt to deal with religious systems, or ethics, or the fruits of various religions. We are to consider the religious sentiment as it has been expressed in devotional literature, or an occasional moral precept. We are altogether too ignorant of the vast wealth of the world's devotional writings. Christianity, and Judaism, have furnished the bulk of such spiritual stimulation for so many centuries, and have done it so well, that we have not felt the need of other helps. Our religious poets have also furnished us with an abundance of material, but it is a remarkable fact that many of these have drunk deeply at the foreign springs. It is also to be noted that we are so well supplied that it is not necessary for us to search out this residuum of religious expression, but to one who has been brought up under those narrowing conditions which not only ignore, but deny, the existence of inspiration outside of the Christian and Hebrew scriptures, it seems surprising, and very wonderful, to discover for himself such literature. It may seem strange to such that there can be genuine copies of religious hymns, thousands of years old, written before or during Abraham's time, that breathe the same spirit and purpose that is revealed in his own Bible. It is a matter of general interest to find these bits of expression, and a real contribtuion to our religious culture to have them brought before us.

In a little book on "The Religions of India," by Dr. Menzies, we find the following regarding a hymn which is found in the Vedas: "Váruna is a heavenly being who looks down and witnesses all that goes on upon the earth. If he was originally the sun, as many of the hymns suggest, in others he is a being not seen himself who sends forth the sun on his daily course and who has eyes everywhere. He is said to have created all things and to have a universal rule. The hymns addressed to him resemble more than any others the Psalms of the Bible, both from the exalted character of the god, who is free from every doubtful association, and because of the feelings of penitence expressed on the part of the worshiper. The following verses will help the reader to understand how near Indian thought here came to the belief in a being like the God of the Old Testament, both full of energy and free from every stain of passion." The poem follows:

Each morn when Ushas starts from sleep,
He mounts his car, which gleams with gold,
All worlds before him lie unrolled
As o'er the sky his coursers sweep.

The righteous lord the sceptre wields,
Supreme, of universal sway;
His laws both men and gods obey;
To his decree the haughtiest yields.

He spread the earth and watery waste;
He reared the sky; he bade the sun
His shining circuit daily run;
In him the worlds are all embraced.

* * * * * *

The path of ships across the sea,
The soaring eagle's flight he knows;
The course of every wind that blows
And all that was or is to be.

* * * * * *

He marks the good and ill within
The breath of men; the false and true
Discerns with never-erring view;
He hates deceit, chastises sin.

Absolve us from the guilt we pray
Of all the sins our fathers wrought
And sins which we commit in thought
And speech and act from day to day.

From dire disease preserve us free,
Nor doom us to the house of clay
Before our shrivelling frames decay;
A good old age yet let us see.

This hymn is quite remarkable because it touches upon so many thoughts that seem modern to us. Max Müller, who has brought the Vedas to the knowledge of the English speaking world, places them in the year 1000 B. C., or possibly as late as 800 B. C. This hymn, then, is ancient, and for this reason, as well as for its contents, worthy of study. It may be of interest to compare it with one fairly familiar to us. I refer to the 139th Psalm. Here are a few verses for comparison:

O Lord, Thou hast searched me and known me.
Thou understandeth my thoughts from afar.
Thou seest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.
For before the word is upon my tongue, behold,
O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

* * * * * * * *

Whither shall I go from thy spirit,
And whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend into heaven, Thou art there.
If I descend in the underworld, behold, Thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the remotest parts of the sea,
Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.

I have been greatly interested in a collection of prayers to God collated from many lands. Though they were uttered by peoples far apart and differing widely in their religious rites and customs, they certainly breathe a clear, uplifting, and truly spiritual faith. Here they are:

Lord of the world, Light of the spirits of heaven,
Utterer of blessings; who is there whose mouth
Murmurs not of thy righteousness,
Or speaks not of thy exaltation,
And celebrates not thy glory!

This is a Babylonian Hymn to the Deity, and dates back to 3800 B. C. The following is an Egyptian prayer dating from 3500 B. C.:

O my God and Lord, who hast made me and formed me,
Give me an eye to see and an ear to hear thy glories.

The following is from the Hindu's "Lord's Prayer":

Let us meditate on that excellent glory of the Divine Vivifier;
May he enlighten our understandings.

It dates back to 1500 B. C., a hundred years earlier than this prayer from Persia:

And we pray likewise for thy Fire, O Ahura! strong through righteousness, most swift, powerful, to the house with joy receiving it, in many wonderful ways our help.

The Assyriao-Babylonians, 1300 years before Christ, prayed this prayer:

On the horizon of heaven thou dawnest,
The pure bolts of heaven thou openest,
The doors of heaven thou openest,
Thou liftest up thy head to the world.
Thou coverest the earth with the bright firmament.
Thou settest the ear to the prayers of mankind.

Nine hundred years before Christ a Greek poet gave voice to this beautiful sentiment:

Everywhere we live in God.
We are His offspring too.
Wherefore men worship Him, the First, the Last,
Their Father—Wonderful—their Help and Shield.

This prayer, or declaration, was immortalized by the Christian Apostle Paul in his famous speech on Mar's Hill, in Athens. He not only quoted from the poet, but he commended his teaching to the Greeks as containing the truth.

Among the ancient Persians there was a people called by Western scholars, "Fire Worshipers," whose Bible was "The Zend-Avesta." Fire was to them a most ethereal and suggestive symbol, an emblem of the potent power back of all symbols that contends ever for purity and righteousness. "Fire is to them," says Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "the ever beautiful reminder of the conquering righteousness, Ahura-Mazda, the good God, of whom they will tolerate no other representation." One of their writers said many centuries ago, "Think not that our fathers were adorers of fire. They fixed their eyes on the splendor of the exalted flame while they humbled their spirits before God." This reminds us of the Brahman scholar who said, concerning Indian Idolatry, "No Indian Idolater as such believes that the piece of stone, metal, or wood before his eyes, is his god, in any sense of the word, he takes it only as a symbol of the All pervading, and uses it as a convenient object for purposes of concentration, which, being accomplished, he does not grudge to throw it away." But to return to the religion of Zoroaster. Here is a prayer to the God of the Zend-Avesta symbolled by fire.

"O thou who existeth from eternity, and abideth forever, sight cannot bear thy light, praise cannot express thy perfection. Thy light melts the understanding, and thy glory baffles wisdom; to think of thee bewilders reason; thy essence confounds thought. Science is like blinding desert-sand on the road of thy perfection. * * * Human thought and knowledge combined can only spell the first letter of thy love."

Though this prayer above quoted dates from the tenth century of our era, the author was taught by teachers of a far more ancient date, and by prophets and poets who were not indebted to Christianity. In a very interesting little book entitled, "Religious and Moral Sentiments from Sanskrit Writers," by John Muir, there is a remarkable quotation on "Devotion to the God of Gods," the beginning of which is as follows:

O God of gods, thou art to me
A father, mother, kinsman, friends;
I knowledge, riches, find in thee;
All good thy being comprehends.

While the Mohammedan religion is a comparatively modern one, still we are inclined to turn it down as degenerate and of little value to mankind. I find, however, in its literature, a poetic parable worthy of a later and more highly inspired hand. One who has written of this religion says of this parable, "I have no doubt that the experience here portrayed reflects the heart life of hundreds of thousands of Mohammedan people as it reflects the experience of millions in all faiths, and of many who think they have no faith." Here is the parable:

"Allah, Allah," cried the sick man, racked with pain the long night through;
Till with prayer his heart was tender, till his lips like honey grew.
But at morning came the tempter; said, "Call louder, child of pain.
See if Allah ever hear, or answer, 'Here am I' again."
Like a stab, the cruel cavil through his brain and pulses went;
To his heart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness sent.
Then before him stands Elias; says, "My child, why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of prayer afraid?"
"Ah," he cried, "I've called so often; never heard the 'Here am I,'
And I thought God will not pity, will not turn on me his eye."
Then the grave Elias answered, "God said, 'Rise, Elias, go,—
Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him from his gulf of woe.
Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry;
That his prayer, "Come gracious Allah," is my answer, "Here am I."
Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every, "O my Father" slumbers deep a "Here my child."'"

These words remind one of a stanza of a devotional poem quoted by Floyd Wilson, in his attempt to interpret this subtle spiritual thing we call the religious spirit. The poem runs as follows:

"Like the tints on a crescent sea beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in—
Come, from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God."

Before turning from the work and influence of Mohammed let us listen to a Mohammedan prayer of the sixteenth century:

"O Lord, whose secrets are forever veiled,
And whose perfection knows not a beginning.
End and beginning both are lost in Thee;
No trace of them is found in Thy eternal realm.
My words are lame; my tongue a stony tract;
Slow wings my foot, and wide is the expanse.
Confused are my thoughts; but this is Thy best praise.
In ecstasy alone I see Thee face to face."

I have sought in this very imperfect and unsystematic way to bring together a few literary expressions of the universal religious spirit. If I should permit myself to indulge in the delightful task of reporting on the moral sentiments of the human race, hours of time might be consumed, and many astonishing discoveries made. All through the history of the world there have been clear minds and noble hearts who have pierced through the ignorance and superstition of their ages, and have left precepts and moralizings that were centuries in advance of their times. There can be found many sayings among the philosophers and the sages which are as noble and inspiring as many of the high sentiments found in the Christian's Bible. We believe that these men spoke by inspiration, or intuitive insight, and though they failed to force their ideas upon their own people to any great degree, they belonged to that great kingdom of Truth which is built up by degrees, the result of thousands of years of evolution, and at the cost of the lives of the message bearers. Professor D'Harlez, at the Parliament of Religions, said, "The study of the religions of the world has demonstrated that religion is not a creation of the mind of man, still less of a wandering imagination deceived by phantoms, but that it is a principle which imposes itself upon him everywhere and always and in spite of himself, which comes back again violently into life at the moment it was thought to be stifled, which, try as one may to cast it off from him, enters again as it were into man by his every pore.

"There is no people without a religion, how low so ever it may be in the scale of civilization. * * * Religious sentiments and concepts are innate in man. They enter into the constitution of his nature, which itself comes from its author and master; they impose themselves as a duty upon man, as the declaration of universal conscience attests."

We may all say, I think, in the light of all the researches that have been made into the religious status of the races and nations of the world, that there is one universal temple, made without hands, eternal and sure. It is the "Cathedral of Deity," under whose dome the peoples of the world send up their prayers, and perform their acts of worship. This temple of God has been beautifully described. It is

"A cathedral, boundless as our wonder;
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
Its choir the winds and waves; its organ thunder;
Its dome the sky."

But after all that has been said, or may be said, upon the fact of the universality of the religious spirit, it is to be remembered that we of the present are, to a greater or lesser degree, the result of what has gone before. The late Professor Max Müller, who devoted his life to the study of Comparative Religions, and who unhesitatingly declared that Christianity is the best of all the religions, also said, "Christianity was really from the beginning a synthesis of the best thoughts of the past, as they had been slowly elaborated by the two principal representatives of the human race, the Aryan and the Semitic."

One must be wise enough in this study to keep his balance, and not jump to the conclusion that just because these ancient religions, or non-Christian religions, have beautiful precepts, moralizings, and prayers, they are better than, or equal to, Christianity. One ought also to guard himself from thinking that just because various forms of the "Golden Rule" are found in other moral systems, and many of the beautiful sayings of Jesus are amplifications of the precepts of other religious teachers, that Christianity is on a par with them, or is to be classed merely as *one* of the World's Religions. After giving some thought to the subject I feel like adopting for my own view this of a young Christian writer who has studied the modern as well as the ancient religions of the world.

He says, "Every great truth in the non-Christian religions is found in a purer and richer form in the Christian religion. It is true that Hinduism teaches the immanence of God; it is true that Mohammedanism teaches the sovereignty of God; it is true that Buddhism teaches the transitoriness of our present life; it is true that Confucianism teaches the solemn dignity of our earthly relationships and our human society. But are not all these truths in Christianity also? And in Christianity each one of these truths is balanced by its corrective, which is absent from the non-Christian religions. Hinduism teaches that God is near, but it forgets that he is holy. Mohammedanism teaches that God is great, but forgets that he is loving. Buddhism teaches that this earthly life of ours is transitory, but it forgets that we have immortal souls. Confucianism teaches that we live in the midst of a great framework of holy relationships,

but it forgets that in the midst of all these we have a living help and a personal fellowship with the eternal God, in whose lasting presence is our home."

Because Christianity contains these universal elements, and much more of spiritual and practical help to the human race, the missionary fervor of the Christian is justified. The modern Missionary of today does not condemn or belittle the religion of the people among whom he lives and labors. He recognizes the common religious elements and seeks to show that his religion furnishes all these and satisfies, as no other religion does, the religious hunger of the heart. One of the greatest modern motives to foreign mission work is the sense of our duty to share with others less favored the blessings of our own civilization. The modern missionary, more than many another, realizes the importance of emphasizing the universal elements in all religions. I do not know of any Christian who would be willing to exchange his religion no matter how imperfectly he may be living it, for that of any non-Christian faith, provided he must live the daily life which is the logical outcome of the system. I do not think there is any dispute on this side of the ocean, at least, about the superiority of the Christian religion. This paper is not intended to be an apologetic, nor an argument for foreign missions, but so vitally do these questions touch this subject that a Westerner cannot pass them by unnoticed. There is a religious side to every normal man whether he be black, white, brown or yellow, and God has not left himself without witness in the history of the world. Perhaps I can do no better, in closing, than to present a prayer composed in the eighteenth century, which seems to gather up within itself the religious aspirations of pious hearts in every clime. The writer seems to have felt with all the religious souls before him, and to voice their innermost thoughts, as they attempt to comprehend the Deity:

O Thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide—
Unchanged through time's all devastating flight!
Thou only God—there is no God beside.
Being above all beings. Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none explore
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone—
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God, for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

* * * * * * * * *

Creator, yes. Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me. Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear
Thy garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Millennium Talk and Practical Peace Work

Peace sermons which do not inspire immense hope and immediate activity, but which leave congregations in passive admiration of some "far off divine event" might well be reserved until the preacher has taken the trouble to study his subject definitely. The fact is that while we may indeed need to wait for the millennium before intemperance, the social evil, race prejudice and greed shall entirely disappear, rival armies and navies may and are likely to be replaced by a small international police force in the near future. Why? Because, although the entire removal of the other evils mentioned means the change of life, temper of mind and social conditions of the masses of people, especially the ignorant and base in all lands, the end of international war, on the contrary, demands only the coöperation of the most intelligent in the four or five leading nations. Their combined action would compel the weaker nations to follow suit and arbitrate, as they would be only too glad to do.

The end of intemperance, impurity, greed and cruelty means that all Africa and Asia, all slums and gilded halls of vice in our own midst must be transformed. The end of international war means nothing of the sort. It means only such a change as was wrought in our thirteen colonies when less than one hundred men, sitting in Independence Hall in 1787 for four months, made it possible to keep peace between thirteen and then between fifty states. This peace in our country, which is by no means in a state of beatific goodness or in the millennium, is now almost within our grasp for the world, would we but wake up and see the stupendous significance of the recommendations of the Interparliamentary Union of last summer.

Were the five points which they urged upon The Hague Conference adopted next summer, and later ratified by the forty signatory powers there to be represented, the beginning of the end of war would be in sight in our own day. These points should be dwelt upon at every peace meeting among the many which will be held between now and the opening of that fateful conference, which alone makes the coming year one of the most momentous in human history. They are (1) immunity of private property at sea in time of war. This, said Sir Robert Reid, now Lord Chancellor of England, would permit the English navy to be greatly diminished and consequently all other navies, as no battleships would then be needed to protect the great merchant marine.

(2) A general arbitration treaty.

(3) A periodic world assembly, the forerunner of a world legislature. Such an assembly, convening at Geneva or some other place every three or four years, would consider all those questions which, unsettled, have led in the past to so many wars. It would do vastly more, and by providing an international police force, a common coinage, etc., etc., would increase the security and privileges of each nation as those of each state are now multiplied by integral union in our federal republic.

(4) Proportionate limitation of armaments. This would probably be by limiting war budgets for the next five years, and later reducing them at regular intervals, thus setting loose hundreds of millions of dollars for constructive purposes and preserving as great security as we have now.

(5) An agreement to refer every quarrel to an impartial tribunal of investigation to report to the public before hostilities between two nations can be

declared. This alone would prevent war in almost every case, as it did in the one case of the firing on British fishermen by the Russian fleet.

War between the forty sovereign powers of the world can be stopped within the next ten years if the press of four or five great powers will work for it; if, indeed, were two nations, as Andrew Carnegie argues, to joint with us in agreeing to ostracize together any nation that refuses to arbitrate with any one of the three. No nation would dare refuse the demand of three such powers.

Universal peace in the sense of the abolishment of savage forays, civil wars, labor riots, etc., many be long in coming, but international wars are doomed. Their end will come just as soon as legislators and business men in a few nations agree to act as the requirements of modern business demand. Every Christian minister who argues or apologizes for great rival navies as a necessity in this age of feasible substitutes for them, may be forgiven if he knows not what he does, but he is responsible for not knowing. He can secure knowledge of adequate literature by simply addressing the American Peace Society, 313 Beacon St., Boston, or by applying to the Chicago Peace Society, of which Dr. Thomas is president.

We can afford to let some reforms wait. Work for them can be done just as well next year as this. It will always have to be done so long as the source of so many evils is allowed to remain. But there is one thing which we cannot afford to let wait. That is a study of this subject which shall so affect public opinion during these next six months that the weight of our great nation shall be thrown mightily in the direction of the Interparliamentary Union's recommendations. If passed, these would remove more misery, injustice and poverty than all the charities and reforms in the world combined. "He that hath ears let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Boston.

Correspondence

Editors of UNITY, Chicago:

I wish to enter emphatic protest against the statement of your Watch Tower in the issue of January 24, 1907, as to the traction settlement.

First, the pretense of opportunity for referendum is shamelessly dishonest. Even today the ordinances cannot be obtained in completed form. Yet the council asks that a referendum petition be prepared in protest against these incomplete ordinances. If they are obtained, it will no doubt be claimed that the objectionable parts have been cut off and the petition for referendum should be ignored.

Second, the pretended offer of referendum by the council is intended, not for any purpose of good faith, but for mere purposes of confusion. It can have no other possible effect.

Third. Promises are made to be kept, not to be ignored at the pleasure of the maker. When the aldermen individually and as a body pledged themselves not to pass any ordinance, there were many who realized that their word was worthless. Experience has justified them.

Fourth. Notwithstanding that no opportunity has been given to know just what this ordinance is, enough is known to justify the assertion that it is fraudulent from start to finish, in everything except possibly length of term as bad or nearly as bad as the Yerkes ordinances.

Fifth. There is absolutely no foundation for the assertion that any "expression of popular feeling" has been given on the subject. The *Tribune* pretended to conduct a "traction referendum." But even if one should indulge the assumption that the *Tribune* is honest, it is violently partisan and its conclusions are worthless. The vote was taken under conditions grossly unfair. In at least one case, that of a very large mercantile establishment, the *Tribune* canvass was accompanied by an intimation that the corporation was for a settlement.

Seventh. The time set was deliberately fixed to make the task of securing signatures impossible. The *Tribune* published a cartoon openly gloating over the impossibility of the task, because of the shortness of the time.

In fact, the intention is to jam this through the council before it has been published and therefore before the public has had any chance to know what it provides, because it is perfectly well known that if it were once understood the proposed ordinance would be doomed. I do not think UNITY or any of its editors wishes to be an accomplice in such a plan. That even one of them has been sorely deceived sufficiently indicates that the matter is not given time for anything like rational consideration. I have barely hinted at a few of the important facts of this matter, yet I have written far beyond my intent. I am,

Very truly yours,

EDWARD M. WINSTON.

Any argumentative force in the above would seem to be vitiated by (1) the writer's false assumption that the public has had no chance to know what the provisions of the proposed settlement ordinances are, that copies "cannot be obtained today," and that "no opportunity has been given to know just what this ordinance is"; and (2) by his emphatic utterance of certain statements, which he does not support with evidence, and which, therefore, amount to nothing more than a mere expression of personal opinion.

If the author of the above communication will consult the Chicago *Record-Herald* under date of January 16, 1907, he will find both the pending traction ordinances printed in full verbatim. Perhaps after a careful perusal of these he will decide to rescind the above letter and frame up his protest on a more substantial basis.

The author of the paragraph in question in last week's "Watch Tower" was voicing his own personal belief only (as was clearly stated) in a signed article. The editors of UNITY are in no way responsible. P. S. W.

"Editor of UNITY:

"Senator Foraker is entitled to the commendation of all lovers of justice in his able championship of the abused colored soldiers who are convicted and sentenced without proof of guilt. It should be remembered that a noted personage once said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto me.'

QUAKER."

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?

REV. C. A. OSBORNE, Secretary.

To whom all contributions for this Department should be sent.

To Our Michigan Friends

The plan of campaign for the current year includes one conference and program in each of the states of Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The first of these meetings will be held at Ann Arbor, Mich., Thursday, February 21, and all our Michigan friends are invited to set apart this date, plan to attend and contribute to the discussions and spread the notice and invitation. The full program is yet being worked out by the local committee, but will include addresses by leading speakers of different denominations, with general discussion of vital themes in religious life and ministry, and a hearty fellowship of the workers in the Kingdom of God. It is hoped that very many of the ministers in the vicinity of Ann Arbor will take advantage of this meeting to profit by the discussions and addresses on the deepest things of life, and also will manifest their interest in the cause of universal brotherhood, their loyalty to the spirit and evangel of the infinite Fatherhood.

The annual meeting will be held in Minneapolis probably on May 21 and 22, and all ministers will be invited to join in a "Congress Broadside" on Sunday, May 19, on a general topic related to our ideals.

C. A. O.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

The German Elections.

The hotly contested election of a new Reichstag in Germany has been at the same time a repulse to the Socialist party and a personal victory for the Kaiser. That he will gain enough votes to carry through his program is not yet certain, although probable. The setback to the Social Democratic party, which has in late years been making such strides into popular support, is not easy to account for with certainty at this distance. Their actual program has been a moderate one, and not at all that of radical socialism as we think of it. The one clear result of the victory is that the Kaiser is winning his way, in spite of all his vagaries and his arbitrary acts, into the position of a popular leader and hero in Germany. And the sound of the clapping of hands is heard in the Vatican. The ways of the Vatican are past finding out.

"Salome."

The storm of disgust at the offensive scenes in the Strauss-Wilde opera of "Salome," as presented in New York has led the Metropolitan Opera House Co. to ask Mr. Conried to withdraw it on the ground that the presentation was lowering the reputation of their opera house. Mr. Conried, protesting, has bowed to the storm and stopped the performance. Of the merits of the case we have no opportunity of passing first-hand judgment, but on the face of the returns it is a refreshing indication that public sentiment is recognizing that there are such things as canons of good taste in these matters which must not be disregarded. We shall wait with interest to see what Chicago will do with "Salome." The action of so important a body as the Metropolitan Opera House directors ought to make its presentation at the Auditorium impossible.

Referendum Petitions.

The indications are that the necessary 86,000 signatures will be secured to the Chicago traction referendum petition, but whether they are bona fide signatures is seriously questioned by the newspapers. It is an open secret that in all such petitions in great cities it is only necessary to send out men and pay them so much per hundred for names, and the names are readily forthcoming. This fact seriously invalidates the popular petition in its present form, as a dependable part of our governmental machinery. This particular petition will no doubt be closely scrutinized before it is allowed.

The South Shore Club.

The decision of the court, as was expected, has been against the right of the fashionable South Shore Country Club to sell liquor to its members in prohibition territory. It has appealed from the decision, which caries a fine of $500, but in the meantime has stopped the sale of liquor. The men who loudly drank defiance to Arthur Burrage Farwell and his Protective Association at the opening of the club, will now subside.

Senator Bailey Reëlected.

The Texas Legislature has effected a compromise which expresses at once the personal popularity of Senator Bailey and the popular hatred of Standard Oil and all its works. They have reëlected him, with the understanding that in case the coming investigation should result adversely he is to resign. This is in line with our forecast of an eventual Bailey victory.

The Panama Contract.

The lowest bidders for the construction contract, Messrs. Oliver and Bangs, have been subjected to a rigid investigation as to their record and financial standing, from which Mr. William J. Oliver, of Knoxville, Tenn., emerges with flying colors. His partner's record, owing to some extent to a previous association with the fraudulent contractors Greene and Gaynor, is pronounced unsatisfactory, and Mr. Oliver's bid is accepted on condition that some one satisfactory to the President shall be associated with him. That this will be arranged seems taken for granted. At the same time, the papers this week report the resignation of Chairman Shonts, of the Panama Commission, to accept the management of the New York Traction System. The contrast between the handsome way in which Mr. Shonts is let out by the President and Secretary Taft and the terrific castigation which Mr. Wallace, his predecessor, received for doing the very same thing a little while ago, does not seem to an outsider to be sufficiently explained by the statement that the work of one man was finished and of the other unfinished. The man who gets the glory of building the Panama Canal will be the man who stays through to the end, and that was what the chairmanship of the Commission was supposed to mean. We should not blame Mr. Wallace for feeling that the public spanking should not all have fallen upon one man.

Senator Alger.

The death of General Russell A. Alger removes a prominent figure from our national life. The general feeling seems to be that the attacks upon his administration of the War Department at the time of the embalmed beef scandals were carried somewhat too far. The utmost that can be said is that General Alger was the victim of a situation inherited from his predecessors, and that he was not strong enough to cope with it. At the time of a man's death it is well to remember not simply his faults but his many admirable qualities, and of General Alger's possession of these his restoration to favor and confidence after such a storm of popular criticism is ample evidence.

The Slave Trade in The Mediterranean.

Our old friend "Ex-Attache" declares in the columns of the New York *Tribune* that it is an open secret that the slave trade is still carried on from Tripoli and Algiers to Constantinople, and that its existence is essential to the maintenance of the Sultan's harem. It is a distinct violation of the Sultan's pledges and is only another instance of the way in which the sick man of the Bosphorus is succeeding in keeping England and the other Christian powers inactive. What has Christian England to say to this?

Employment Agencies.

Perhaps the most despicable form of imposition is that which the Illinois Department of Labor, assisted by the sociologists of the University of Chicago, is now exposing in the Chicago employment agencies. To take the registration fee of the man who is out of work, and give him no return for it but the privilege of going about from one establishment to another, only to find that they have no present need for his services, is grinding the face of the poor indeed. Reputable employment agencies owe it to themselves to devise at once some way of making it evident that the last dollar of the poor fellow who has lost his job shall not be entrusted to them without some definite service rendered.

Illinois Local Option.

Once again the fight is on for Local Option in Illinois. The movement has been gathering force for several years and now is easily the dominant issue in the state. The demand for it is perfectly reasonable, and the only obstacle to the unanimous enactment of such a law is the fact that the legislators are so largely at the mercy of the saloon-keepers, and that the saloon-keepers are better friends to those who stand for them and bitterer enemies to those who oppose them than are the church people. The indications are that the Anti-Saloon League is in better hands this year than last. At least the letters of the new superintendent to the ministers and the churches are more courteous and respectful. The movement has now reached such proportions that any legislator who even indirectly opposes the enactment of a local option law is certain to be called to a severe accounting at the hands of his Christian constituents.

W. B. T.

Schiaparelli's Martian Canals.

The first authentic endorsement by a recognized astronomical expert of the theory that the so-called "canals" on the planet Mars are artificial waterways is to be found in the latest book of Prof. Percival Lowell, who deals with the subject in a thoroughly scientific manner, but most delightfully. Since the discovery in 1877 of these peculiar markings on our next outlying celestial neighbor astronomers have been loath to accept the popular hypothesis that the Martians have devised a Titanic system of aqueducts extending from the polar regions to the barren central portions of their globe, and that these water courses are the lines which can be seen through the telescope. Professor Lowell now comes out and openly advocates this theory, so long held in abeyance by his professional brethren, and does so with a warmth of conviction that fires anew the imagination of the layman.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—There are few good workmen who have not passed through long years of apprenticeship.

MON.—The easy grades are for those who descend; the stony paths and steeps for those who mount.

TUES.—Poverty is not what certain idyllic conceptions have represented it to be. It is a crown of thorns; but I hasten to add that everything depends on the brow which wears it.

WED.—The only bread which is sweet is that which we have earned.

THURS.—The value of a piece of money depends on the metal in it; the value of a man depends on the worth of the substance which makes up his moral being.

FRI.—Learn to husband your forces; stop something, in order to start again with a firmer step.

SAT.—Those who will fulfil on a rainy day a promise which they have made on a sunny one, are few and far between.

—*Charles Wagner.*

When Carlo Went with Me*

The years are passing and my hair is gray,
But if a boy and dog I chance to see
There rise sweet mem'ries of that gladsome day
When I was young and Carlo went with me.

A black and curly dog, not large, not small,
And faithful as a faithful dog can be;
He always answered quickly to my call
And never sulked, but gladly went with me.

Perchance I sought the cows astrayed away,
Or went some playmate down the road to see,
I might be gone an hour or all the day,
It mattered not, my Carlo stayed with me.

Sometimes I went on errands in the night,
When Goblins seemed to lurk in every tree;
But I was never overcome with fright
Because my Carlo always went with me.

It chanced at times my parents went away
And I was left alone the farm to tend,
And oh how long and dreary such a day
But for that dear, old dog, my faithful friend.

How long ago it was I will not say;
But if a boy and dog I chance to see,
There rise sweet mem'ries of that gladsome day
When I was young and Carlo went with me.

—*E. A. Coil.*

Marietta, Ohio.

Letters to Children

MY DEAR A———: Let me congratulate you on entering your "teens." You are only one year younger than I was when I was left with my father and mother quite alone, my sister then getting married; so that the receiving and entertaining of all the good people, young and old, who will always drift into an old historic house to see and be seen, fell upon my unsophisticated shoulders! Just this time Professor A.'s "select school" of about a dozen or two girls came to my rescue from utter loneliness. Then, a few years after, Miss Delia Bacon arranged an "Aesthetic Class," and into its mysterious precincts I was admitted. To show its character I must quote from an "Aesthetic Lay," sent in to the class (anonymously) by the writer:

"They talked of every sort of thing,
Of space and middle ages,
Of architecture, Rome, and Kant,
And a *priori* sages.

"They wondered if things would be things
If every one was dead, Sir,
When babies first began to think,
And why the fire is red, Sir.

"Of one Pythagoras they told
Very curious stories,
And next discussed a kind of *Cat*
Which they called *Categories.*"

But I must not burden your youthful mind with thoughts of a lone child living seventy years ago!

Rejoice that you have so many little folks around you, and such a young, cheery mother and father to gladden all your days. Many a Happy New Year to you is the wish of

Your veteran grandmother,

———.

*Editor of UNITY: When in a meditative rather than in a working mood I glanced over my books for something restful yet thought-inspiring, my eyes fell upon "Jess" and after reading "The Peace of God" I closed the book and began to see visions and to dream dreams, and the question crossed, Would not UNITY readers who are lovers of Jess care for my good dog Carlo too, and so I beg to present to such my good old dog of former days.—E. A. C.

Jean Francois Millet

(1814-1875.)

BOYHOOD OF MILLET.

The long, dark night has passed away. The purple clouds have faded to a faint rose color. The sun king has begun his journey across the sky. The flowers lift their dewy faces to be kissed by his warm rays. The bright sunbeams waken the birds. They chirp and sing among the branches of the trees. In an orchard in France many birds are warbling, as if to waken the people in a little cottage near by.

The older members of the family have been up since daybreak. The children are still sleeping. The father and mother are at work in the fields. The grandmother is preparing a simple breakfast. When it is almost ready, she goes to call the children. Going to the bed of the eldest grandson, she shakes him gently. The boy half opens his sleepy eyes. He sees his grandmother in her linen cap and white apron bending over him. He hears her say, "Wake up, my little François. The birds have long been singing the glory of our good God."

Jean François Millet had always lived in this low cottage. All of the houses in the village were like it. It is still standing.

The village was built on the cliffs near the sea. Looking outward, only rough waves dashing against the rocky coast could be seen. Looking inland, the country was pleasant and fruitful. Low houses clustered among woods and apple orchards. Quaint old churches stood on hilltops. The grass was fresh and green in the sheltered valleys.

The father of little François was a hard-working peasant. His mother was a noble, loving woman. She, too, often worked in the fields. Many poor women in France did this. The farm was small and the fields were stony. The father and mother found it hard to raise enough for their large family of children.

While they worked in the fields the good grandmother kept the house and cared for the children. She told them many stories from the Bible. She told them of the life of St. Francis, too. Little François had been named for this good man.

All the needy ones of the neighborhood came to the home of the Millets for help. They were never refused. Beggars often came to the door. The grandmother sent François with baskets of food for them. Sometimes poor people came to stay all night. Often it had been raining and their clothes were wet. They were given the best place by the fire.

(*To be continued.*)

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THE FIELD

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Foreign Notes

MISS HOBHOUSE TO THE LONDON DAILY NEWS.—How important and how very promising Miss Emily Hobhouse herself feels her work in South Africa to be is evidenced by the fact that she has at length addressed the English public herself concerning it, through the medium of one of the great London dailies. Hitherto the business of soliciting funds for the undertaking has been left to certain devoted lieutenants in England and elsewhere, while she bent all her energies to planning and organizing the work on the spot, and meeting the thousand and one difficulties as they arose. Now, however, she seems rightly to feel that the results speak for themselves, and that a direct statement of facts from her will help the cause. Hence the following, which appeared in the London *Daily Times* of December 10th and is being widely reproduced elsewhere:

Langlaate, Johannesburg,
September, 1906.

I write to you on behalf of the work in South Africa in which I am engaged, viz., the planting of Home Industries amongst the women and girls of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies; and through you, if I may, I appeal to a wider public.

The Boer women, after a period of unprecedented suffering, returned on the conclusion of peace to farms where the homesteads were destroyed and every means of occupation had perished. There was abundant leisure with nothing to fill it, a store of inherent skill but no outlet. Their minds must necessarily dwell upon the past.

In 1903, when travelling about the country, staying with the people in such shelter as they had amid their ruins, I saw the need of such industries as could be carried on side by side with farm life. Eventually I decided to try the introduction of spinning and the various branches of weaving in order to utilize the wool produced on the farm.

It is now eighteen months, since, with the help of Miss Margaret Clark, a school was opened at Philippolis in the Orange River Colony; and a few months later we started a second centre at Langlaate in the Transvaal.

In spite of the difficulties of climate, of dearth of water, of slow and costly transport, of our own ignorance in dealing with South African products, and a hundred other impediments, the enterprise has prospered beyond expectation. The leading men among the Boers approve and encourage our effort, regarding it as a valuable education for their people; the ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church for the most part welcome a wholesome occupation; the girls themselves, at first shy and uncertain, have developed an interest which every month increases, and the steady disciplinary work has had marked effect for good upon the workers.

Fifty girls have received teaching at Philippolis School, many, after going home, in their turn teaching other members of the family, while at Langlaate a more thorough training, to qualify them as teachers, is being given to a smaller number of pupils.

The bulk of the work produced, though doubtless rough in the eyes of connoisseurs, is yet highly commendable for the first year, while some articles are really good and even beautiful. As the girls become more expert, the standard of excellence will surely rise. Pile rugs, woven mats and rugs, cloth of various qualities, trek rugs of the coarse brown wool, and blankets of the fine merino have been produced and show promise.

Interest in the infant industry is spreading throughout the country, and fresh tokens meet us daily of the desire to start it in many quarters. It is hard to repress an interest, which, however, I have not the means to develop. A ball has been set rolling which I am not able to stop, for the work appears to meet a want long felt in the country districts. Yet I am bound to hold back where I should encourage.

The Boer Home Industry Society has a committee in London which has contributed about half of the expenses of the undertaking to the present date; the other half has come chiefly from Colonial sources. The most generous donors have been the people of Switzerland, who have shown real self-sacrifice by the gift of some 500 spinning wheels, heirlooms treasured in as many homes, and nearly 200 more await my word to follow. The Germans also have presented valuable gifts in kind. Without this substantial help we could not have reached our present point. Already 60 of these old Swiss wheels are producing yarn in the neighborhood of Philippolis.

My present appeal is for a fund to import more looms (£10 covers price and freightage of one loom), to get more suitable premises, and above all, to meet the expenses of training women who wish to return and teach in their respective districts. The Boer ladies, through their Federation, have themselves done much to forward this training of girls, and in the village help in kind by way of board and lodging is freely offered.

Still, constant applications are received which I am regretfully forced to refuse. A six months' term and travelling expenses amounts to about £55, with the teaching free; and it occurs to me that many to whom the movement is at present unknown might welcome the opportunity of training one girl or of planting out one teacher who has been already trained.

The money supplied by the Committee I have named will barely support the work on its present very limited lines, and it is with the hope that we may extend it further and meet the growing demand that I appeal to you, and ask your support in commending it to others.

Yours faithfully,
EMILY HOBHOUSE.

It will be observed that no mention is made of the United States in this brief statement of work done and aid received, the reason doubtless being that, up to the date of this appeal, the aid sent from America had consisted of very small sums sent by individual donors through some foreign channel. Not, I think, till the fund of something over £100 collected by the *Christian Herald* of New York, and recently noted in these columns, has any considerable sum gone from America direct. But Americans, when they begin to give to any cause, are wont to give generously, and this American fund having been avowedly set aside for the purchase of looms, we may hope will continue to grow until that need, at least, shall be adequately met.

From Mme. degli Asinelli, grateful acknowledgment of the $28 recently sent from Chicago has already been received. Its source will be duly reported when this indefatigable representative of the cause in Switzerland sends her next check, including our little gift, to South Africa. Just too late to be included in

our New Year sending came a cheering letter and $2.00 from Mrs. Frances B. Turner, of Grand Rapids. This I am keeping as a nest egg for the cause and I shall be disappointed if the above appeal from Miss Hobhouse herself does not bring some more dollars to keep these two company ere long.

MARY E. HAWLEY.
The John Crerar Library, Chicago.

Religion in Business

The following article, issued by the treasurer of the Bourne Mills, Fall River, Mass., to its employes, is a significant sign of the times. The leaflet carries it in four different languages which of itself is an indication not only of the complexity but of the hopeful character of the American industries:

You will receive herewith the thirty-fourth semi-annual dividend upon wages. Profit sharing will be continued another six months. I feel myself happy to congratulate you upon the recent advance in wages, which placed Fall River again upon record as paying the highest wages known to the cotton industry in all the world. I sincerely hope there may never be another reduction of wages here. There ought not to be. The business should be adjusted to this schedule.

I trust this may be the merriest Christmas ever known here. May all try together, manufacturers and operatives, to make Fall River the most attractive spot on earth for textile wage-earners. Having this thought in mind, the board of directors of the Bourne Mills has unanimously authorized me to announce to you the experiment of a vacation week in August, 1907. While I have not made it a habit to take vacations myself (except a short trip to Europe in 1900), I can see that in these strenuous days it is becoming more and more a wholesome practice.

The mills will close Saturday noon, August 24, and reopen Tuesday morning, September 3, allowing you ten days of rest and recreation.

In lieu of regular pay, the directors have also unanimously authorized me to offer you an extra dividend upon your wages, payable just before the vacation, to the amount of 50 per cent of the average weekly wages earned by each one of you, computed from the record of your wages during the present profit sharing term closing next June.

Like all our dividends upon wages, the August vacation dividend will be paid to you upon the single condition of continuous faithful service. It will be in addition to the regular Fourth of July dividend.

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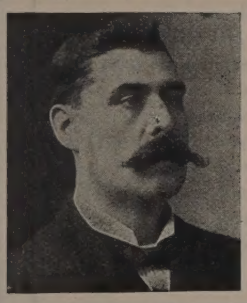

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